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MONTREAL for Tourists

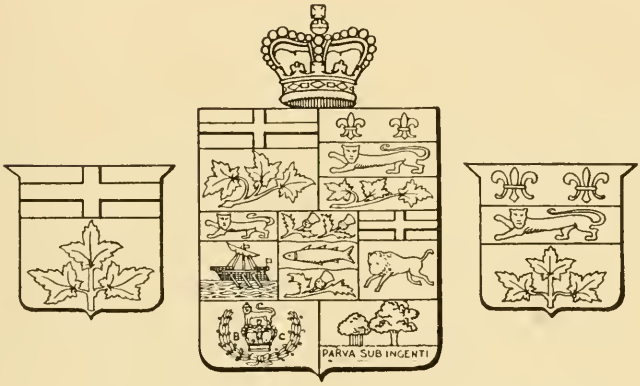
"In certain respects all cities are alike.
But in others they are not.
And it is the Differences alone that make them
interesting."

TO SET FORTH WHEREIN MONTREAL, THE REALLY WONDERFUL METROPOLIS OF CANADA, DIFFERS SIGNALLY FROM ALL HER SISTER CITIES ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, MAKING HER WELL WORTH A VISIT FROM EVERY TRAVELLER WHO CARES FOR WHAT IS INTERESTING IN THE PAST, DELIGHTFUL IN THE PRESENT, AND PROMISING FOR THE FUTURE, IS THE PRINCIPAL OBJECT OF THIS PUBLICATION.

On Skis.

MONTREAL FOR TOURISTS

By HENRY P. PHELPS



General Passenger Department

THE DELAWARE & HUDSON COMPANY

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A DISINTERESTED OPINION.

"It may be questioned whether there is a railway journey in the world which gives in one day a variety and splendor of landscape to equal that which is enjoyed by the traveler taking the morning express by this Line (The Delaware & Hudson) between Montreal and New York." — *Professor J. Clark Murray, in the Scottish Review, January, 1892.*

THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS BUFFALO, N.Y.

MONTREAL
FOR TOURISTS

AS a rule, we in the States, who have never been *out* of the States, know very little about Montreal—or Canada, either—and with many of us, as the late Mr. Billings might say, "what we *do* know is not so." It is for this reason that a first visit to Montreal is frequently in the nature of a surprise, shading rapidly into astonishment, admiration, and delight.

Here, within a day's or a night's journey from New York, is a distinctly foreign city,

Populated largely by those speaking a foreign language;

With an architecture substantially different from that to which we are accustomed;

A city of churches and cathedrals, of nunneries, monasteries, and convents;

A city of great wealth, of massive business structures, and magnificent residences;

A very old city, as we reckon civic age in America;

With quaint old buildings, and ancient landmarks;

A city fraught with deeply interesting historical associations;

St. James Street.

The only city having a great mountain park within its limits;

A city where every hearse is a triumphal chariot;

And cab fare twenty-five cents!

In no other city in the world do the two races—one brilliant, volatile, and gay; the other substantial, conservative, and sober—come into such general, immediate, and, on the whole, satisfactory contact, as in Montreal, where, for instance, although the French are largely in the majority, it is the unwritten law that the mayor, chosen once in two years, shall be alternately French and English.

In no other city on this continent north of Mexico, does the greatest ecclesiastical organization the world has ever known maintain so much of its old-world

spectacular magnificence as in Montreal. Its churches, as nowhere else in America, are on this account visited annually by thousands of tourists, who find in their music, frescoes, carvings, statuary, windows, and relics the same attractions that have so long been potent in European cities. Hundreds of the black-robed religious of both sexes are seen on the thoroughfares which not infrequently are given up to churchly pilgrimages and pageants, while the Street Directory itself is practically a transcript of the Calendar of the Saints.

Interesting at all times, Montreal is of special interest just now, because of the extent to which public attention, both in the United States and Great Britain, is concentrating on the Dominion. Gradually we are waking to the fact that Canada is something more than the name of a frontier — that Canada, a country larger in area than the United States, and abounding in natural resources scarcely less than those of her southern neighbor, is on the eve of an immense development. Already great railroad corporations, representing millions of capital, are rivaling one another in the haste with which they are threading the northern forests with lines of steel which are to bring the husbandman by hundreds of thousands to till the virgin soil. For the Canadian climate, far from being the one long reign of frost and snow of popular opinion, is specially propitious for grains and roots. No finer wheat land lies out of doors than is found in Manitoba. In Alberta cattle and horses graze without shelter all the year. The lumber interest of the Dominion is admittedly beyond all computation; while what her mineral resources may be no one who

bethinks himself of the once despised Alaska will undertake to tell.

All this means much to Montreal.

Of an empire comprising one-half the continent of North America, destined to be the home of millions of inhabitants, by far the largest part must always be tributory to this island city of the St. Lawrence River; and men of sound judgment do not hesitate to prophesy that within the next one hundred years — possibly the next fifty — Montreal will be classed as second only in importance among Atlantic ports.

Those who doubt are invited to consider the conditions that make for a city's greatness. For Montreal owes her present, and will owe her future, not to chance, and not to man, or to the plans of men; but to the ledge of trap and limestone over which dash, with foam and roar, the rapids of Lachine, forming for ocean steamships an insuperable barrier to the most magnificent system of inland navigation in the world. Thus far, for seven months in the year, vessels of the heaviest draft come without impediment; but here they stop, here break bulk at the one point nearest for them to the heart of the American continent — and least distant from European markets.

Lachine Rapids.

Here, at the confluence of the Ottawa and the St.

St. James Cathedral.

Place d'Armes.

Lawrence rivers, on an island of wonderful fertility, sits the stately City of Montreal — at her back Mount Royal, happily so named by Jacques Cartier 368 years ago. With her right arm she reaches inland 1,500 miles, appropriating by means of the St. Lawrence, the great lakes and supplementary system of canals, the commerce not only of the mighty Canada which is to be; but, to a large extent, that of the Northwest United States, which already is. With her left she extends to Liverpool a waterway 315 miles shorter than is the voyage from New York, with one-third of the distance (986 miles) over the smooth waters of the river as against those of the tempestuous Atlantic.

Were these advantages continuous throughout the year, nothing could prevent the ultimate supremacy of Montreal among the ports of North America.

Meantime, it is something to be second.

One decided advantage which Montreal presents to the tourist resident in the vicinity of New York or Albany, is that he does not have to traverse a continent or cross an ocean to get there. He can, if he chooses, go to sleep at night in a Pullman and awake at his destination in the morning.

But with such a delightful prelude as is offered by the daylight trip on the Delaware & Hudson—the only direct or logical route—through Northern New York and along, or upon, the waters of Lake Champlain, nothing but the lack of time can excuse making the journey after nightfall.

To constantly varying but always interesting and often impressive scenery, is added the charm of historical association and the glamour of romance. From the ancient city of Albany northward almost every mile stands for a thrilling chapter in Colonial or Revolutionary annals. It is the veritable stamping ground of heroes whose names are household words.

Bonsecours Church

The battlefields of Bemis Heights, and

Hotel Champlain.

of Saratoga, where Burgoyne laid down his sword, and the nation's destiny was decided, are near at hand ;

At Mechanicville a monument seen from the car windows marks the grave of one of the earliest victims of the later war, whose untimely end was woven into a slogan chanted by thousands of soldier voices in that unhappy time :

"We'll avenge the death of Ellsworth,
We'll avenge the death of Ellsworth,
We'll avenge the death of Ellsworth,
As we go marching on."

The murder of the beautiful Jane McCrea, whose death was to New York what the battle of Lexington was to New England, was committed near Fort Edward ;

It was near Fort Ann that "Old Put"—General Israel Putnam—was rescued, singed and naked, from the stake where his Indian captors were burning him alive ;

Glens Falls is as vividly associated with Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" as if the tale were really true;

The crumbling ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, which surrendered to Ethan Allen "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," are in plain sight ;

At Crown Point are the remains of Lord Amherst's $10,000,000 fortress, and of the earlier French fort, St. Frederic ;

Off Plattsburgh, and in sight of the famous Hotel Champlain, are still occasionally recovered relics of the bloody battle of Lake Champlain.

But all this, of course, is "by the way."

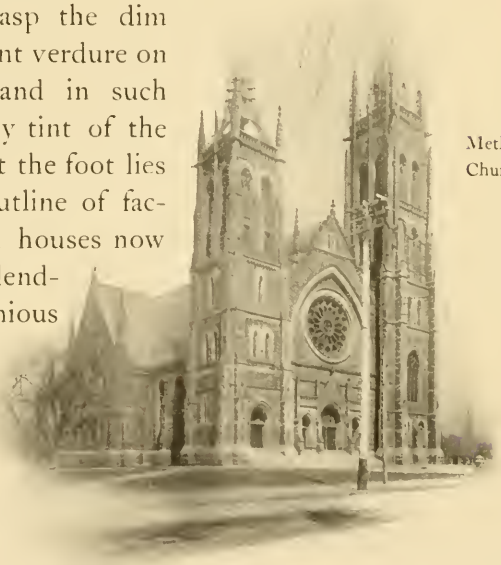
Victoria Square.

As we approach Montreal, it is the St. Lawrence River that first commands attention. Second only in importance to the Mississippi, which in variety and interest it greatly exceeds, it is here fully two miles wide. When one thinks that its source is the largest body of fresh water on the face of the globe; that it drains the entire system of the Great Lakes of North America; that it receives the waters of two hundred lesser rivers, one of them, the Ottawa, six hundred miles in length — that great Niagara is only one episode in its mighty course — in the presence of such majesty a man feels like taking off his hat.

We enter Montreal over the piers of what was once famous as the Victoria Tubular Bridge, erected in 1854-9 at a cost of $7,000,000, and without question "a magnificent monument of engineering skill," but practically, so far as the traveler was concerned, a dark,

deafening, sixteen-foot hole two miles long, now happily replaced by a double-tracked, open-work, steel structure from which views of both city and river are continuous.

Hinshelwood says: "It would be difficult to imagine a more exquisite view than is to be obtained from the car-window as the train approaches Montreal over this bridge on a summer evening about sunset. Then, the stately mountain that rises behind the city is draped in that purple haze that only the shadow of departing day can produce, and the eye can just grasp the dim suggestion of luxuriant verdure on the heights that stand in such relief against the rosy tint of the heavens. Nestling at the foot lies the city, the harsh outline of factories, chimneys, and houses now being softened and blended into an harmonious mass; relieved here and there by the graceful steeples or stately towers of the churches. In the foreground, a forest of masts rises from the scintillating waters of the St. Lawrence; and, immediately behind, the tall, massive towers of Notre Dame are silhouetted against the sky. Lingering here for a little while longer, the scene changes; detail is lost in shadow,



Methodist Church.

lights appear, one by one, until the city and the long line of water front is ablaze with thousands of glittering lamps; Mount Royal being alone in gloom, keeping dark and shadowy vigil over all."

Arrived at the Bonaventure station, an admirable transfer system of trolley cars will take you to any part of the city, or you can go in a cab for twenty-five cents. Of the hotels, the Windsor, on Dominion Square, is the most widely known; St. Lawrence Hall on St. James Street, in the business part of the town, is the oldest, and the Place Viger, the latest. There are plenty of others less expensively managed, but very good.

The tourist from the States will be impressed, first of all, with the substantial appearance of the city, which, although far from being gloomy, both in architecture and building material of dark gray limestone, suggests London rather than Paris. Everywhere the heavy walls indicate a severer climate than our own. Some of the streets in the lower and older part of the town are narrow, irregular, and dingy; but the residential streets in terraces upon the slope are as handsome as could be wished. Many of the most interesting features are apparent only after a little research. "Squeezed in among the out-buildings of busy factories and great modern warehouses," a recent writer says, "are to be found modest, but massively built, residences of the French régime, with their generous open fireplaces and elaborately ornamented mantels, built as long ago as 1680. Curious old Roman Catholic chapels and convents occupy the very center of blocks which at a cursory glance seem given up to twentieth century commercial activity. As

Victoria College.

quaint and sweet a monastery garden as ever existed in fourteenth century Europe flourishes within easy stone's throw of the Montreal Stock Exchange." And he might have added that the colossal statue of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, for two hundred and fifty years the French sailor's patron saint, looks down from her lofty pedestal above the fantastic old seventeenth century church of the same name upon seven miles of wharves for which, neither in substantiality or management, can New York city offer a parallel — upon harbor improvements which completed will have cost ten million dollars, and in the season of navigation upon a display of shipping which to the tourist who has never thought much about it, is simply marvelous.

Everywhere will be noted evidences of the Roman Catholic origin and continued occupation of the city.

Founded in 1642 by Paul de Chomedey Sieur de Maisonneuve, as a strictly religious settlement for the conversion of the Indians, and of which a seminary of priests and a nuns' hospital were essential features, 250,000 of its 350,000 inhabitants are to-day of that faith. At one time the entire island, thirty miles long and in some places ten miles wide, was the property of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the members of which occupy their home built in 1710 on La Place d'Armes. It has only one room in which there is a carpet or an upholstered chair, these being solely for the use of any visiting bishop — although the seminary is reputed to be the wealthiest religious institution on the continent.

Increase in the value of real estate has added very largely to the wealth of the religious orders, much of which has been expended upon the churches, which accounts for their exceptional magnificence. Incidentally, perhaps, this has had a stimulating influence upon other denominations; for although

"Latest church, tallest steeple,"

Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

does not exactly describe the situation, the churches of Montreal taken together, Catholic and Protestant, are indeed remarkable. The Methodist church on St. Catharine Street, for instance, has an exterior as imposing as that of a cathedral; and, as for the Presbyterians, with about one-tenth as many members as the Catholics, they have nearly as many churches. Christ Church, the English cathedral, is said to be nearer perfection, architecturally, than any church in Canada; and St. George's, also Episcopal, is notable for its windows, its music, and its chimes.

Interior Chapel of the Sacred Heart.

The church most visited by tourists is the parish church of Notre Dame, whose twin towers, 228 feet high, have long been almost as much identified with views of Montreal as Mount Royal itself. It is said to be, with the exception of the cathedral in the city of Mexico, the largest church, and in one of the towers hangs the largest bell, in North America. Upon the vast interior the St. Sulpice fathers, themselves living so simply within the bare walls of the adjoining seminary, have poured money without stint

Dominion Square and St. James Cathedral.

or hindrance, especially in the chapel of the Sacred Heart, at the rear of the grand altar, where decoration and carving appear to have reached their limit. Thousands of tourists visit this church annually. Many, by paying a small fee, are permitted to ascend one of the towers, and view the city from that lofty eminence. The Fathers are pleased to have the church so visited, and ask no more than that the reverent demeanor suitable to the place should be maintained. This is true of all the Catholic institutions in Montreal to which the public is admitted.

Next in prominence, certainly so far as exteriors go, is the cathedral of St. James, on Dominion Square. It is built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome. Its dome is conspicuous from every point, and its façade, bearing colossal statues of Christ and the apostles, is the object of much consideration. Temples like this are the work of years — often of centuries; and the decoration which the interior now lacks will be supplied later on.

Other churches in which there is no such lack are the exquisite Notre Dame de Lourdes, corner of St. Catharine and St. Denis streets, with its wonderful altar picture of the Virgin, and its whole interior decoration illustrating the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; and the Jesuit Church of the Gesu on Bleury Street, with its frescoes and oil paintings.

Hospital work which, as has been stated, was one of the objects of the original settlement, is still carried on in the same spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice that characterized the founders; and while, as a general thing, hospitals are not the most exhilarating places to visit, no one who wishes to make anything like a study of the city can afford to ignore the hospitals of Montreal. In these institutions, as in the churches, it seems quite possible that the Catholics have "set the pace" which has resulted in larger, finer, and better equipped hospitals than are common to cities of similar size.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1644, by Jeanne Mance, one of the four young nuns who came over with Maisonneuve, and whose whole life was devoted to this service, nursing indiscriminately sick Indians and wounded Frenchmen, is on Pine Street, in charge of the Black Nuns — Sisters of St. Joseph — those who have taken the full vows never leaving the premises. It has beds for 230 patients.

The Royal Victoria Hospital, a much later institution (1887), was founded by Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona, each contributing one million dollars. It is situated in a large park on the mountain side; has 225 beds, and is thoroughly equipped.

City of Montreal from Mt. Royal.

The Montreal General Hospital on Dorchester Street, founded in 1818, was the first Protestant hospital, and has done, and is doing, an immense amount of good.

The Grey Nunnery, so called from the dress of the sisters, and founded in 1692, is on Dorchester Street, and, although not strictly a hospital, has more than 300 rooms devoted to the sick, the infirm, and destitute of all sects, and to deserted infants. The nuns receive visitors every day at noon. The sisters, novices, and auxiliary sisters number over 900, and are in charge of sixteen different institutions.

The question was once raised whether the Mountain should go to Mohammed, or Mohammed should go to the Mountain — but it was not in Montreal. Here, everybody goes to the Mountain — if not alive, then afterward; for besides the magnificent public park of 460 acres, there are three cemeteries — one for Catholics, one for Hebrews, and the other for the rest of mankind. In the Catholic cemetery the "Way of the Cross" is typified by a winding path, along which are fourteen stations or shrines, leading finally to a realistic representation of the momentous scene on Calvary, with life-sized figures hanging on the three crosses, and of the weeping women. It is said that from 50,000 to 80,000 people sometimes attend the open air sermons preached here on certain church days.

Mount Royal, although not very lofty, as mountains are rated, say, in Colorado, rises 700 feet above the St. Lawrence, and, as Jacques Cartier, the first white man who ever made the ascent, wrote in 1535,

"Therefrom one sees very far."

Sherbrooke Street.

The best point for observation can easily be reached by an inclined railway, but the beautiful winding carriage drive is more enjoyable, and the view well repays much greater effort than is necessary if one goes all the way on foot. There are many mountains on this continent; but few, if any, so directly overlooking a city of 350,000 inhabitants. To quote again from Hinshelwood:

"On one side stretches the city, with its glittering domes and spires, its long line of shipping, its massive public institutions, its villas embowered in trees; and beyond, the gleaming waters of the St. Lawrence. In the background of the plains are seen gaunt, rugged peaks which in former years belched forth fire and smoke, and which now, although worn out and helpless, still defiantly rear their heads towards the sky; whilst further back again are the Green Mountains of

Vermont, and the Adirondacks of New York. To the west lies Nuns' Island; and a glimpse is to be had of the foam-crested waves of the Lachine Rapids, beyond which stretch fertile fields that gradually dissolve into the haze of the horizon. To the north the marble statuary of the cemeteries may be discerned in the immediate foreground, with the Ottawa River further back, showing like a silvery thread through the trees, as it flows round the island to join the St. Lawrence; and in the far distance lies the rugged Laurentian range which marks the beginning of those unknown wilds that stretch in unbroken solitude to the North."

Interior of Chateau de Ramezay.

Mount Royal is of volcanic origin, and there is a prophecy — which, however, does not appear to affect the price of real estate — that some day it will return to its bad habits and further distinguish — and extinguish — Montreal by making it the Pompeii of North America.

To enter upon the historical associations in which Montreal and the immediate vicinity are so rich, is to begin without knowing where to stop.

Those tourists who care for such matters will be greatly aided by the highly creditable work of the local Antiquarian Society which has tableted many of the principal points of interest; and those who know their Parkman, or who are fresh from the romances of Mrs. Catherwood and Sir Gilbert Parker, will find themselves among familiar names and places. The scope of this pamphlet, however, will permit only brief mention of some of these among other features which should not escape attention.

The Chateau de Ramezay (1705) opposite the City Hall, has a famous history, no part of which is more interesting to tourists from the other side of the line than that during the brief American occupation (from November, 1775, to June, 1776,) it was the headquarters of the invaders. Here General Montgomery, killed at Quebec, issued his manifestoes. Hither, at the behest of Congress, came Benjamin Franklin and other commissioners to urge upon Canada the advantages of "throwing off the yoke," which, strange to say, she did not do, but wears with *almost* perfect equanimity

McGill University.

Chateau de Ramezay.

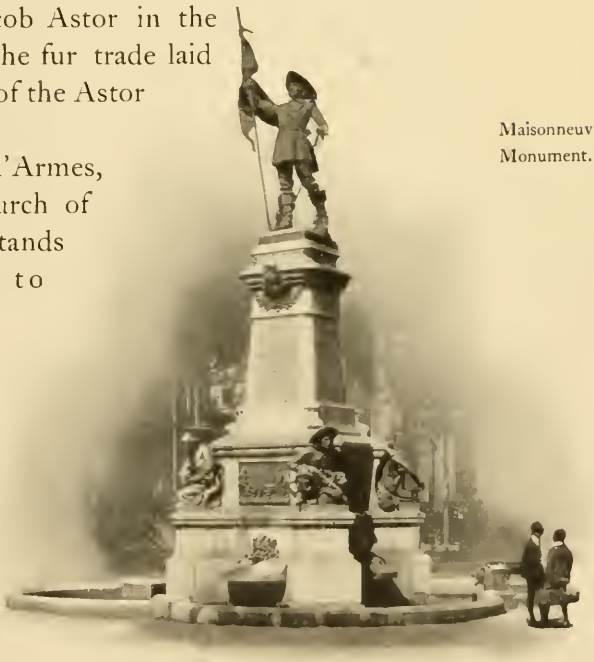
to this very day. Franklin was accompanied by his inevitable printing press, which was set up in the massive old vaults underneath the building, and on this was printed the first number of the Montreal Gazette. The building is now an antiquarian museum.

On the grounds of Montreal College, on Sherbrooke Street, two quaint and massive towers are all that remain of Fort de la Montagne, built in 1694, by the Seminary. In these towers the patient sisters taught the Indians.

There is a still older structure at 27 St. Jean Baptiste Street, built in 1655, for the residence of a French fur merchant; and in St. Gabriel Street, St. Amable Street, and St. Vincent Street (laid out in 1689) are several others almost as old.

In Vaudreuil Lane stands the modest old warehouse where John Jacob Astor in the palmy days of the fur trade laid the foundations of the Astor millions.

In La Place d'Armes, opposite the church of Notre Dame, stands the monument to Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal; and on a tablet on the Imperial Insurance building



Maisonneuve Monument.

Lake Champlain.

near by is recorded that on this spot the founders first met in battle the Iroquois, the chief of whom was killed by Maisonneuve with his own hand. The monument of granite carries a superb bronze statue of the intrepid soldier in seventeenth century costume, and bearing aloft the banner of France.

Other statues worth seeing are the Nelson Monument on Jacques Cartier Square; the statue of the late Queen on Victoria Square, and that of Sir John A. Macdonald on Dominion Square.

At the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets stood the residence of Robert Cavelier La Salle, and on the lower Lachine Road are still pointed out the ruins of his fortified chateau (1668), where it is easy to believe that for many a day he nursed his favorite dream of finding across the American continent the way to China. It is even said that "La Chine" was the nickname given to his estate, in derision of his schemes; for this "foremost pioneer of the great west," magnificently bold, but shy, proud and reserved — this great

explorer who took possession in the name of the King of France of all the country from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains — was anything but popular among his men, and died at last their victim.

On St. Paul Street, east of Place Royal, was the birthplace of the brothers LeMoyne, one of whom founded New Orleans, and both of whom were governors of Louisiana — between them, for forty-six years.

Near La Place d'Armes stood the house of Sieur Du Lhut, or Duluth, after whom the Zenith City discovered by Proctor Knott was named; and in the same neighborhood was the house of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit.

On the site of the Bonsecours Market stood the residence of Sir John Johnson, who fled from the Mohawk Valley with 300 Tory tenants in 1776, and whose name is indelibly associated with the Indian massacre at Cherry Valley. At the open-door market held here every Tuesday and Friday come the country *habitants*, in their carts, bringing with them everything they have to sell, from meat and vegetables to rag carpets, wooden shoes, and native-grown tobacco, and the bargaining and haggling that ensue form one of the sights of Montreal.

Residence of Robert Cavelier La Salle.

McGill Uni-

versity occupies part of the ancient Indian village of Hochelaga, visited by Cartier in 1535.

An obscure street, known as Dollard Lane, contains a tablet recognizing the sublime self-sacrifice of Adam Dollard and sixteen other colonists, who, in 1660, paralleled the heroism of Horatio at the Gate, by going forth knowingly to certain death and probable torture, battling with 800 savages on the Ottawa, and giving their lives that the colony might live.

St. Helen's Island, now a public park readily reached by ferry, was once the property of Samuel de Champlain, bought by him with his wife's dowry, and given her name. From this point he made numerous expeditions; in 1609 discovering the lake named in his honor. St. Helen's Island was early used for military purposes, as part of it is so used to-day. It was here that Chevalier de Levis burned the flags of the French army (1760) rather than surrender them to the British conqueror, General Amherst.

Lachine, nine miles up the river, the scene in 1689 of a terrible Indian massacre, is now visited every summer by throngs of tourists who go up by train, in order to come back by boat, through the rapids—a drop of forty-five feet, and a sensation

Lake George.

without experiencing which no visit to Montreal is complete.

Silver Birches.

On the opposite side of the river from Lachine is the Indian village of Caughnawaga.

At St. Anne, where the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence, still stands the house where Tom Moore, in 1805, wrote the "Canadian Boat Song."

Further and more detailed information can be obtained from Montreal guide books, of which there are many, but of which "Montreal and Vicinity," by N. M. Hinshelwood, is the latest and best, being particularly valuable for its fullness in relation to many near-by places almost as interesting in their characteristics and associations as the city itself. The Business Men's League, which has offices at 1651 Notre Dame Street, where strangers are welcomed, also publishes a very good guide-book for free distribution.

During the summer a touring observation car is run twice a day over a portion of the forty-five miles of street railway, for the special purpose of showing strangers the more interesting parts of the city.

R. & O. Steamer Kingston.

Many tourists "do" the churches, and the mountain—they ride about the city, shoot the Lachine Rapids, and then are off for Quebec or the Thousand Islands, thinking they have seen Montreal—and, in a way, they have; and it is worth while, something to be remembered, and always with pleasure; and those who can do no more should by all means be encouraged to do that much. But it is also worth while to spend more time,—to study Montreal in detail. For instance:

To become acquainted with the *habitant*, whom Dr. Drummond has so delightfully portrayed in verse, the freshness, the drollery, the charm of which not only excuse the dialect but amply justify it;

To meet the representative business men—to obtain admission to one or more of the representative clubs;

To become informed as to the city's immense advantages afforded by water power applied to the generation of electricity;

To get some idea of the vast railroad enterprises centering in Montreal;

To look into the Canadian system of canals and locks—and note the million-bushel elevator for handling export grain;

To count the ocean steamers loading and unloading at the seven miles of wharves;

To consider, say, the Bank of Montreal, and recall where in the United States there is such a bank building, or such a bank;

To understand what is doing for education, for philanthropy, for wholesome recreation, for the social life—

And last, but not least, to appreciate what is meant by the Canadian spirit—a sentiment stronger possibly

Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

among the young than with those of maturer years, but a sentiment under the influence of which — as it may seem to the thoughtful tourist — Canada will eventually neither remain the province, nor become the part, of any country, but assume her rightful place as a free and independent nation

— "in the federation of the world."

To that nation Montreal will be what New York is to the United States, the chief city, the principal seaport, the great financial, social, and commercial capital.

MONTREAL
IN WINTER

Sleighing on Mount Royal.

No one will know Montreal thoroughly who has not visited it in winter; and many are of the opinion that if one can go there only once, it should be in that season.

Montreal is distinctively a Winter city.

The social season is then at its height. Society, which like society in other cities, in summer scatters among the various pleasure resorts, in winter is "at home," and thrown upon its own resources for enjoyment. The complete suspension of many kinds of business also leaves a large number of persons free to give themselves up to sports and pastimes, and they do so with an abandon not usually expected of the North.

The climate, although much colder, so far as thermometer records go, than that of New York, is singularly exhilarating and delightful.

The dry, crisp air is devoid of the disagreeable chill common to greater humidity.

It inspires, rather than benumbs.

It tingles, but it invigorates.

You thrill, and glow; but you do not shiver.

There is usually a large amount of snow and ice—much sunshine—very little wind.

With proper precautions in relation to clothing there is nothing for the winter tourist to dread — much to anticipate with delight.

To many, a week of Montreal in Winter will be a revelation.

They will never have dreamed that Cold had in it so much of pure enjoyment, while its enlivening, strengthening influence is in marked contrast with the enervating effects of the climate of Florida or Southern California.

Sports, some of which, in spite of all efforts to transplant, still remain foreign to the United States, flourish here at their best.

SNOWSHOEING, for instance, is carried on by various clubs composed of the best people, who arrange bi-weekly tramps in costume, with occasional "meets" in which all unite for a joint torch-light procession, with fire-works, etc. A tramp over the Mountain at night under such auspices,

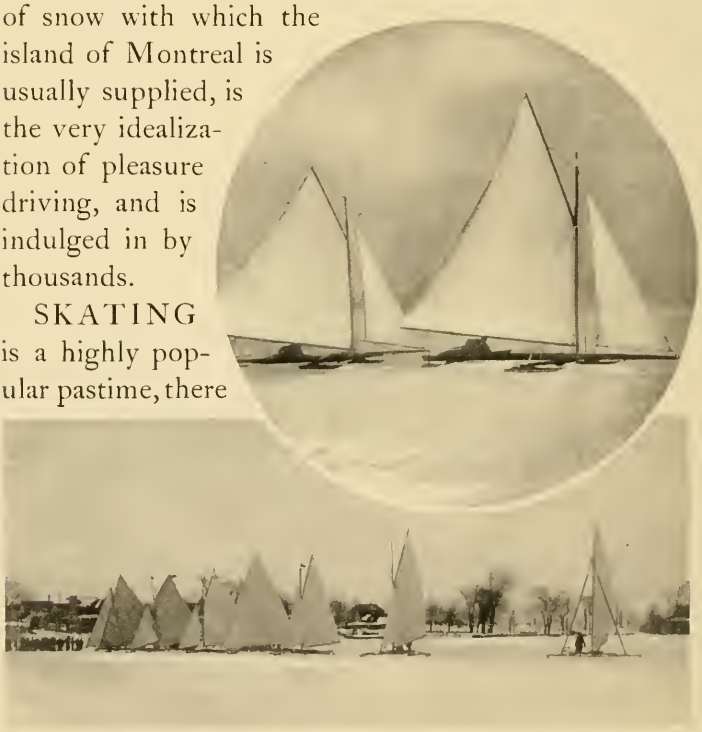
Tobogganing.

with supper, songs, and music, is an event to be remembered.

TOBOGGANING is also conducted systematically with long and perfectly-kept slides, on which children of every age, from six to sixty, enjoy the lightning-like speed with which the toboggans—some holding four or five passengers—dash over the snow and ice. It is no uncommon sight to see persons of mature years and eminent respectability passing the whole afternoon in this amusement.

SLEIGHING, with fast horses, musical bells, and warm and gaily-colored robes, over the ample coating of snow with which the island of Montreal is usually supplied, is the very idealization of pleasure driving, and is indulged in by thousands.

SKATING is a highly popular pastime, there



Ice Yachting.

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being several famous covered rinks. At the Victoria Rink, in the rear of the Windsor Hotel, are held the celebrated fancy dress carnivals which present the most picturesque spectacle of the kind in America. The immense building decorated with banners and Chinese lanterns and ablaze with electric lights—the ice peopled with a thousand or more skaters in every variety of fantastic costume—abbes, savages, kings, queens, imps, and angels—all mingling to the sounds of enchanting music in a phantasmagoria as fascinating and marvelous as it is bewildering and indescribable. At the rink of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association (membership over 2,000) skating contests take place annually for the championship of America.

HOCKEY, the fastest and most exciting game in the world, is played in Montreal for all it is worth; and

CURLING, dear to the heart of every Scotchman, has been systematically conducted since 1807.

On the whole, no city enjoys life better in the Winter than Montreal, and with true hospitality, now as always, she welcomes the outside world to share in her pleasures.

Not, however, as at one time, with effusive adver-

Grand Trunk Offices, Montreal.

tising of winter carnivals, ice palaces, and an apparent deification of King Boreas and Jack Frost; for it was found that the graphic reports sent abroad, with accompanying pictures, were creating an exaggerated impression of the Canadian climate not calculated to encourage immigration.

For this reason, the formal Winter Carnivals have been abandoned. But the fun goes on just the same — in fact, although with less of artifice and clap-trap, perhaps, with more of the original spirit than ever; and those who for the first time visit Montreal in Winter have in store an experience as unique as it is delightful.

Take all your furs, of course.

SIDE TRIPS

QUEBEC—THE SAGUENAY RIVER—TORONTO.

Many tourists who go to Montreal go also to Quebec, 180 miles down the river, and conveniently reached by boats of the R. & O. Navigation Company which leave Montreal in the evening and arrive in Quebec in the morning. Older (1608) than Montreal, and of much less importance commercially speaking, it is, because of the strikingly dramatic events that have there been enacted, the fact that its historical sites have never been defaced or altered, its curiously antique features and its magnificent scenic environment, one of the most romantic and interesting places in North America. A portion of the Upper Town is still surrounded by a massive wall through which there is access by two gates of considerable architectural pretensions, three others having been dispensed with. The Citadel, covering forty acres, 333 feet above the river, and Dufferin Terrace, 1,400 feet long, both afford magnificent views of the Isle of Orleans, the river itself, and the mountains east and west. Back of the terrace, in the Governor's garden, stands a monument "In memory of Wolfe and Montcalm," the English and the French generals, the victor and the vanquished being thus equally honored in a suggestive illustration of the manner in which Time obliterates the causes for which men sacrifice their lives. On the Plains of Abraham, outside the St. Louis gate, stands a monument to mark the spot where "Wolfe fell victorious." There is no monument to the intrepid Gen. Richard

Montgomery, but the spot where he died as gloriously as ever soldier fell, at the head of the little American storming party, December 31, 1775, and the house where his remains were deposited previous to being buried by his antagonists with all the honors of war, are pointed out. Other places of interest are the great University of Laval, the Basilica, the Ursuline Convent where Montcalm is buried; and last, but not least, the Chateau Frontenac, a twentieth century hotel in a seventeenth century setting.

The Falls of Montmorency, 150 feet higher than Niagara, distant from Quebec seven miles, are easily reached by electric cars, as is also the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré (twenty miles), where 150,000 pilgrims annually pay their devotions and where many believe themselves to have been miraculously cured, as a great pyramid of crutches left in the beautiful Basilica or Church of St. Anne is evidence. These miracles have been wrought here since 1662, and the belief in them appears to be as strong as ever. Fragments of the bones of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, and whose remains were originally deposited in the valley of Jehosaphat, but in the first century removed to France, are here exposed for the veneration of the faithful, the principal relic — a finger bone — since 1670.

Many tourists extend their trip to the Saguenay, that dark and mysterious river where Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity raise their awful heights in solemn and impressive grandeur 2,000 feet in air. Other tourists go up the Ottawa River to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion — others up the St. Lawrence to the Thou-

sand Islands—others plunge into the northern wilderness in pursuit of fish and game, of which there is as little limit to the abundance as there is to the territory which contains it.

The Best Time to go to Montreal is the time which best suits your convenience.

The Best Way to go to Montreal, summer or winter, is by the Delaware & Hudson, the shortest, quickest, most interesting, and most picturesque route. From New York City, via either Troy or Albany, the direction is almost directly north. Passengers have their choice in summer of going all the way by rail, or of making part of the trip by steamer through the waters of Lake Champlain.

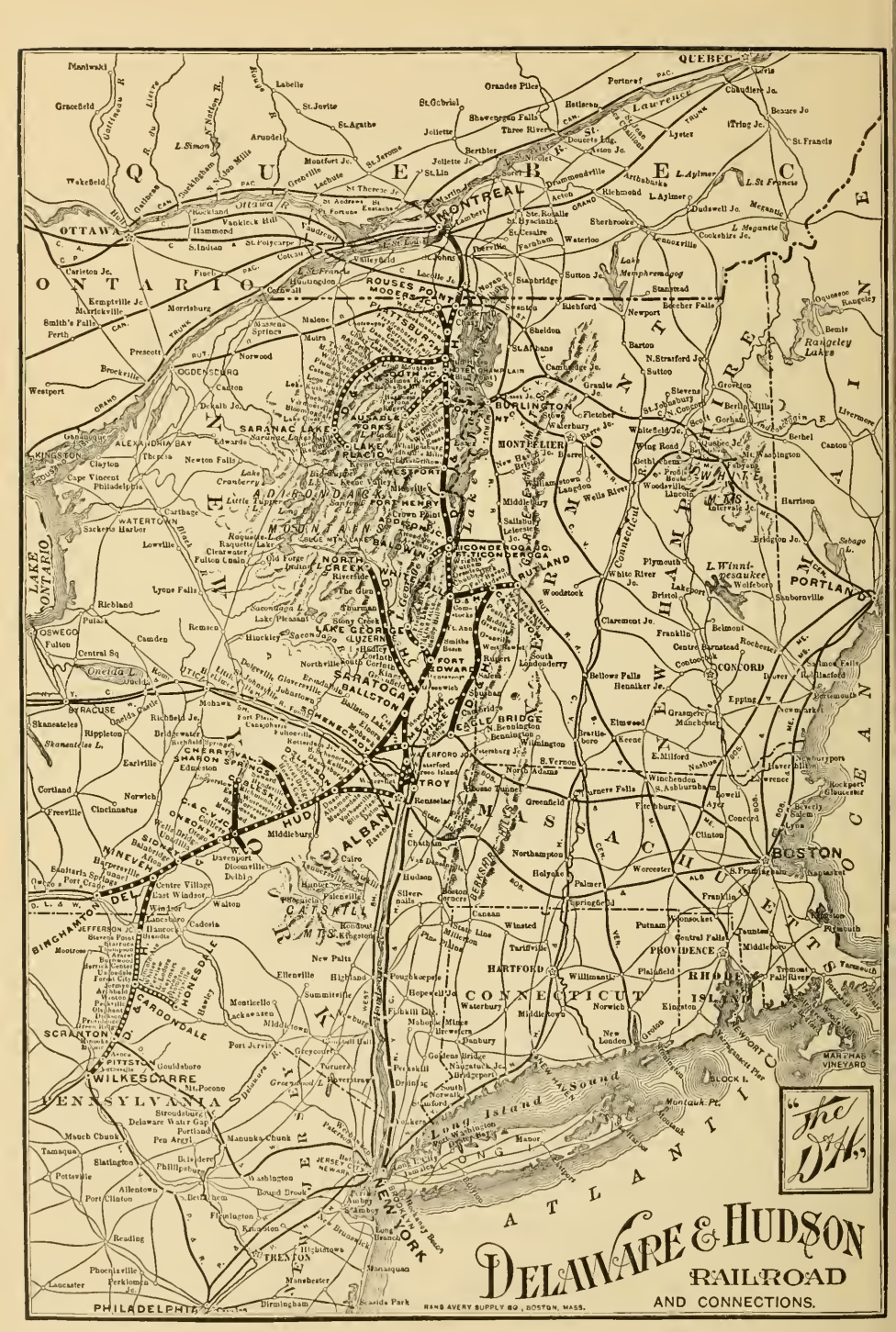
Tickets and information about the Delaware & Hudson R. R. are obtainable at principal ticket and tourist offices in the United States.

A Bureau of Information and Ticket Office has been established at 21 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Information with respect to tours, fares, time tables, maps, guides, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by

J. W. BURDICK,
General Pass'r Agent,

A. A. HEARD,
Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent.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St. Gabriel
Grandes Piles
Portneuf
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